MASSACHUSETTS
COLLEGE OF ART
VOLUME TWO
NUMBER
APRIL 19, 1972

A STUDENT NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED
EVERY FORTNIGHT BY
THE MASSACHUSETTS
COLLEGE OF
ART

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THE NEXT DEADLINE
FOR NEWSPAPER
COPY IS TUESDAY,
APRIL 25, 1972.
ALL SUBMISSIONS
MUST BE TYPED.

EDITOR

Concerning the now acknowledged article in issue No. 4 entitled, "The Stage is Barron," (this statement also applies to the piece concerning Black Artists Union) and the following piece elaborating on a *portion* of this:

The feelings stated in these articles are not necessarily those of the editors and staff of *M.C.A.*, equal space will be given to any opposing views and queries.

Editor

I would like to be able to say that I was surprised by the reaction to my essay in the last issue of the MCA newspaper, but to do so would mean that I was a novice to Mass. Art. Instead of the response being logical, i.e. facing and solving the issue involved, the response was one of mixed indignation to the way the issue was presented and the fact that it was presented. Instead of asking, "What does the artist mean? What is the painting trying to tell me?, Mass. Art asks, "Why did he use green, I like blue." Well, forget the color! Forget the frame! Look at the work, the issue. Analyze the problem first, then if you still need petty rewards, judge the presentation.

I shall restate the issue(s) later, but for the moment, I should like to defend myself from the selfish and petty points aimed against my essay.

1. The anonymity of the article was not regarded as a gentleman's way of challenging someone. However, in *my original* article, it was quite fair. The anonymous accuser challenged anonymous opponents. It was the idea of the paper's art editor to insert a photo of one of my opponents as a part of the article. It was not my idea. I neither asked for, nor wanted a photo. Therefore, had the article been printed exactly as I had submit-

ted it, the reader would not know who was being accused. In all fairness, the writer had the right to also remain anonymous. If the reader knew not about whom said article was written, one might ask, what good is the article? The answer lies in the first step of many ad campaigns: "Frumdipper Is Coming!" The public knows not as to the meaning of a frumdipper, but the ad keeps their attention poised as the second step enters. My somewhat esoteric article was also the first step.

2. The question was raised as to why the newspaper was used for such "trash." A. Truth is not trash. B. Newspapers are meant to print editorials and school newspapers print school material, and since I paid my school fees that pay for the newspaper, and since the local skywriter was grounded because of fog, I felt that the newspaper seemed a logical place.

3. Also raised was the question that it is the duty of the paper to bring out the "issues and problems" and not be a forum for personal differences. The kingpin of a clique has been attacked, so his compatriates rally to his defense. Admirable. However, I never believed in the saying, "My country – right or wrong!" Nor have I ever believed in the saying, "My kingpin – right or wrong!" This is not a personal problem. It is a Mass. Art problem – it is a community problem, because every iota of harrassment dealt to me by Mr. Barron affected every one of my cast members. This in turn affected the productions, and indeed, the community as a whole. I am graduating this year but I will not let the problem pass, for the problem will not graduate. I fear that this Napoleonic power could be turned on other Mass. Art students as well.

To fully explain all of these affrontments and harassments for which there were no grounds but bias, could turn the MCA newspaper into serial form: "Tune in next week for another exciting, ecstatic, and enigmatic episode of: God Of The Aud."

For the sake of brevity, I shall include only the more recent harassments. I shall state the issue as I know it to be. If one particular accusation need be challenged, then I ask ALL parties involved to explain their stands, thus formally revealing the truth.

One of the major issues involves the use of stage equipment. One week before my production was to go on, Mr. Barron informed my that I could not use the stage lights (fresnels, lekos, etc.) for my production. He claimed, with a smile like that of an insurance agent who tells you that he's sorry but you're only covered

during buffalo stampedes on the fourth of July, that the lights were his and that no one could use them. Here the ambiguous "no one" was used to mean me, since the lights have been used by others before and after the incident. He had had the original dimmer-board belonging to the college, removed and replaced with his own. Now I could not use the lights nor the dimmers to control them. I went to Dean McGavern and spoke with various administrators. They all agreed on one thing: Those lights were purchased by the school, belong to the school, and are for the use of ANYONE in the school. To further compound the situation and therefore prevent the brass from forcing Mr. Barron into letting me use the school's lights, he made note of the fact that he too was doing a show (at the planetarium) on one of the same days that I was performing. Therefore, I could not use the lights anyway, because he would be taking all 30 of them with him to the planetarium.

I then asked him about using some 12 baby spots that definitely belonged to the school because they were on the stage long before he took over. He agreed, with a smile, that they were "once" the school's lights, but that most of them had either a cracked lense or a frayed wire, and that these elements were replaced with his own, so that ownership was somewhat of a draw. Petty. He also claimed that before he fixed them, they were not in working order. Well, it must have been magic that made them work for me three years ago, 'cause they were awfully bright for dead lamps.

Meanwhile, back at the administration, I was still being told to "hang-in-there," while the situation was being checked out. Three days before the show, I had no alternative but to go to an outside agency and rent stage lights and a dimmer board with my own money. The administration could do nothing for me. They still agreed that the school owned the lights, but if Mr. Barron is going to take all the lights with him, then there's nothing to do. There was no time then to fight the issue. The show was about to go on either in total blackness or with rented lights.

I find it ironic that no one thought that if the school owned the lights, why should Mr. Barron walk away with all 30? Why not share? (Share: vb. From the Greek, Sharus meaning: to allow another stage group to use the stage and equipment in conjunction with your own group for the promotion of harmony and total community entertainment.) 30 is a lot of lights, especially when I needed only 11.

I find it even more ironic that be fibbed, (Tsk, tsk) for during my show, hanging next to my rented lights, were at least 20 of "his" lights: unused.

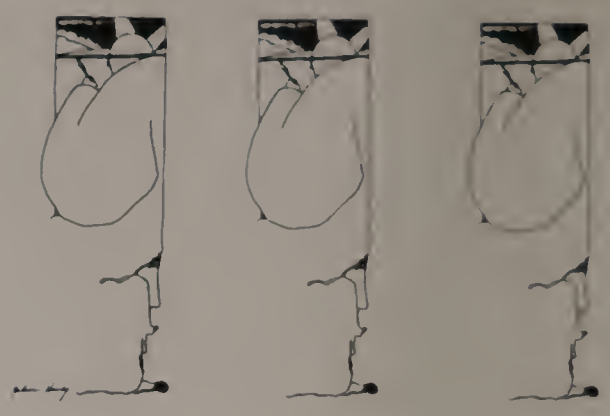
And so the list goes on. Harassment after harrassment against every member of my

group. If need be, I could relate more stories, but this article is long enough. If a third article need appear in the next issue, I could relate them then. Indeed this situation demands notice, for it has gone on for 3 years relatively underground. Each time it affects the cast and Mass. Art, for the community could have seen $150 put into the show, or a lower admission price, instead of the money paying for lights that were already there. This fight over abstract vs. traditional must stop, for the two CAN live together. These problems must be brought out into the light to prevent them from ever happening to anyone else. I have presented the facts as I know them.

The points discussed here represent the facts exactly as they were given to me by the parties envolved. My own conclusions have been drawn from them. Explanations are needed to show if these three years worth of facts are odd misunderstandings or indeed gross "Harrisments." I feel that this article should stimulate multi-faceted discussion in relation to the effect of these events on the M.C.A. community and possible reimbursement to those involved.

Bill McNeill
Wendy Champion

Alan Wassilak



THE DIARIES OF GOD

Translation from the Original Ethereal
by Eric Liberty Kimball
Rubber Cigars, dribble Glasses and
Poo-poo Cushions
Courtesy of Young Thomas Canty

V.

Dear Diary,

So absorbed in activity have I been these past few eternities that I scarce noticed my failing to record my thoughts and observations of that period. Indeed, when my neglect of my journalistic pursuits did at last occur to me, tempted I was, and sorely so, to dismiss it all with a shrug — but — gods are made of stouter stuff than that, so here I sit, BIC once again in hands, moral fiber, character and integrity intact.

Fair warning I offer that these remarks and impressions may be rather jumbled and in a state of some disarray, for it is with haste that I set them down, so anxious am I to return to my labors. And what are these labors, might you ask, that so command my attention, that so inflamr my spirit and mind? What labors indeedI Between rounds of that "tequila" substance and choruses of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" (a sort of something comparable to a long, sustained grunt or burp — Willie taught me), we have been making — are you ready? — little people. That's right, l-i-t-t-l-e p-e-o-p-l-e.

Now, I cannot say with any certainty just when or how it was that we began such a curious undertaking for, strive though I may to better acquaint myself and come to terms with the "tequila" substance's nature, it almost always seems to have what way it will with me — in this case simply eradicating my powers of memory — other times causing what could only be called a "paralysis" of sorts to creep throughout my body. I do know, however, that we've been making little people — little, teeny-weeny, people.

Willie no doubt initiated this venture, he seeming to have had some previous experience with this sort of thing. He it was who offered instruction and guided my hand, helping me along with such comments as "Not like that, stupid!" and "You've got his legs on wrong, you moron!" He it was who showed me how to properly mix the saliva and old cigar butts — for those are the materials from which our creations are fashioned — and he it was who suggested the name we so proudly bestowed upon the first of the line: Fluffy.

Ah, yes, Fluffy, poor Fluffy. The first of the race, a wonderful specimen — met with a bit of an accident, did poor Fluffy. As did Spot. As did Toto. As did — but wait! Despite the many arguments the "tequila" substance presented to the contrary, I did manage to make a few notes during our work. It is these I now present:

Fluffy — the first — made mostly by Willie — attempted to place him on brown sphere — my judgment off a little — missed sphere completely — Fluffy dropped into void — screamed for a while.

Spot — made by me — forgot legs — got him on sphere alright — kept flopping around screaming — apparently thought my last name was "Dammit" — tried to pick him up again — more fragile than I thought.

Toto — got legs on okay — forgot eyes — kept running around — smashed face on big rock — didn't see it — screamed for a while.

Snapper — dropped him onto sphere from too high a distance — didn't scream — scraped him up.

Bimbo — Bimbo's alright! on sphere — apparently happy.

Keekee — ate Cuddles — ate Bimbo.

Spunky — judgment off a little — dropped him on Keekee — scraped them up — Willie said something about my "infinite wisdom and compassion."

Jingles — very fragile — squished thru fingers — Willie said something about my "working in mysterious ways."

Rex — very slippery.

And on and on the notes go. Hundreds we've made, hundreds and hundreds. Snippy, Banjo-eyes, Quirke, Peewee, Zippy, Choochoo — hundreds — and all of them gone now, all of them having met with accidents — like snow on the water — gone.

Of all our attempts, only one remains — Binky. Strong of limb and clear of mind. I have attempted to converse with him, but have met with some difficulty, for according to Binky, all available evidence tends to indicate that I do not exist and he absolutely refuses to believe in me.

Anyway, all for now. I must return to work.

Like snow on the water,
GOD

P.S. If Binky persists in his little display of obstinacy I may just have a slight case of faulty judgment with him. Ho ho ho.

Copyright Proceedings Begun:
April 10, 1972

ATLANTIA
(the new children)
Six Songs

by Bob Gould

IV.

Those sleeping were soon to awaken.

The light is warm and lazy, showering gentle heat on rolling hills and melting waters, ripples lapping seaward toward a nameless shore — life moves above and within. Clouded suns breathe through blue haze, sharing their gifts with lands newly revealed. Valleys shrug off their frozen dew-coats, mountains forfeit their icy caps. The air still moves brisk, but the new is patient, its time will soon come.

Heard are the ringing of soft sounds, sounds crisper, more melodious, than the dirges of the cold. Graven notes of whistling frost are sung no more; in their place, the voices of the young intone the intoxicating rhythms of re-birth.

New Life is coming. Ruddy tones tinge with fresh brightness, novice buds of spectrum colours herald proud beginnings. The sentries of the now-past gales stand silent; they wait, for soon to wake from their long sleep and stretch new limbs to the heavens, though perhaps for these who have seen hundreds of time-passings, the chill is a short, restful interlude.

The people are aware; they leave their shelterings and venture forth to feel the change. In awe they sit, eyes open and searching, waiting, watching, hoping to catch that magic moment of transformation. But, as in ever-past, the new life will again greet them with abrupt unexpectedness, dazzling in prism crystal tinctures and standing strong against the elements, as if freshly painted under cover of night, or transformed in the blink of an eye.

The celestial cycle has turned and focused anew. The wash of the warm now soothes ones soul to sleep.

The New Season.

The time of change comes to the children sooner than they wish. Days of unlimited fancy and adventure bound only by the depths of imagination fill the young lives. To them is presented a world of fantastic experiences, each more wonderous than the next, a universe of sensations to be engulfed by hungry eyes. New powers are to be tested, expeditions beyond mind, beyond thought are undertaken, all these with the driving force — curiosity. A child may find tireless enjoyment in the shimmer of land locked water or in contemplation of distant stars, the secrets of both no longer mystery shrouded in the instant of inquisitive question.

To these wanderings the old feel a pierce of jealousy, for their time has past . . . a touch of pity, for these are soon to join them.

"Our lives expand as the sea-nautilus. the chambers of life-past are sealed with regret, for the cove held us secure in tender times. But in these pearl tombs lie the tiers of our growth. On solid cells of amber casement we forge the future, welding the past, rich in enterprize and endeavor, to a yet bague, tantilizing, tomorrow. Spiraling toward the Genesis, we reach, change . . . grow, cloaked in the knowledge of times we knew."

During this short span in the growth of the young, thoughts run clear and precise, sparkling in purity and essence. for these brief moments, the children touch the source, in innocent wisdom are one with the Genesis.

In this time the children rule Atlantia.

●

The quest of Leageon neared end.

The star journeyer had suffered much in his search; the words of the Centurion echoed still, coupled with the brazen cries of others, accusing, mocking, condemning. These touched sad in his soul, an aching weight, somberly borne.

After long stillness, the grapples of the galaxies again called, seeking to draw him close within their enrapture. In the serene silence he would be singular unto himself, to rise and fall to the whim of the nocturnes and to rest in the cradle of the celestials.

Leageon was returning home.

copyright proceedings begun

April 11, 1972

Bob Gould

April 7, 1972

NOTICES

TO: MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART COMMUNITY
FROM: SYDNEY S. KAPLAN
SUBJECT: PERSONAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE CALLS

A review of the College's telephone bills reveal an alarming mis-use of the College's telephones for personal business.

Long distance calls to Maine, Illinois, New York, Georgia, Florida, etc. indicate a callous disregard of the use of the funds of this college the the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

If these calls are made by you and you feel that they should be paid by you, please estimate the amount and prepare a check for that amount payable to Massachusetts College of Art and transmit it to the College Bursar.

These checks for "Telephone Refunds" will be forwarded to the State Treasurer's office in the State House.

To: All members of the Critical Studies Faculty
From: Lee Kane
Re: Presidential Primaries in Massachusetts

A number of my former students have asked me to discuss the up-coming Mass. Primaries with them. In order to do this in the most time-economical way, I am opening my class on Thursday, April 20th, to any students who want to get some basic information and/or ask questions.

I would appreciate is if you would tell all your sections that they are welcome to join us, Thursday, april 20th, 10 - 11:30 a.m. (and beyond if necessary) in room C8

I hope to have a sample ballot for them to see, and will be discussing the nature of the delegate selection process, as well as some of the aspects of the Convention System of nominating presidential candidates.

Thanks for helping me to get the word out . . .

The Printmaking Department is sponsoring a juried Print Exhibition from April 26 to May 10, open to all the *students* and *faculty* at the College. The exhibit will be held in the galleries and the printmaking studios of the Overland Building.

The Printmaking Department hopes to be able to offer at least one purchase award to be used to start a permanent departmental print collection. Attempts are being made to locate sources within the College, as well as from outside donors, to establish other cash awards. The show will be selected, and awards designated by a jury of five – Arthur Hillman, Chairman of the Department; Michel Durand, Instructor in Printmaking; two printmaking majors chosen by the junior and senior printmaking majors at the College; and a guest juror from outside the Mass/Art community. Posters and other printed material will advertise the exhibit.

Printed information sheets will be distributed starting this week to all studio faculty and all printmaking students. Other faculty or students wanting forms can pick them up at the printmaking studio or from Art School Associates. Entries are due on April 18 and April 19.

A reception and open house will be held on April 26 from 6:00 to 9:00 at the Overland Building.

RE–WRITTEN "HOOCH" ON TOUR!!

All new – All exciting!!

April 22, 1972
West Junior High School
Brockton.
Transporation available; contact Bill McNeill.